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It makes no difference what it is that
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MUCH CHEAPER for same goods. I
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All kinds of repair work in my
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You are invited to call and assure
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Have opened the fall and winter
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School Books and Supplies, Plain and
Fancy Stationery, 5 and 10 Cent
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The above firm carries a better
and fuller assortment of goods in
their line than any other firm in the
two counties—while their prices
equal, and in many cases excel in
cheapness those of city stores.

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E. G. Polk will visit Drummondtown
every County Court with a full and
choice line of samples of suitings,
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latest designs of home and foreign
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Our motto: "No fit, no sale."
Thanking the public for past favors,
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the new firm.
Respectfully,
POLK & BENSON,
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SOUTH BALTIMORE
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Fine Sugar Cured Meats and pure
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All styles and sizes of Photographs
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If you cut this out and send
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\$1.75, will return you an 8x10 copy
beautifully framed.
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Boots and Shoes.
Warranted.
We solicit a trial for our goods
and guarantee full satisfaction.
YOUNG, CREIGHTON & DIGGS,
Successors of
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Hopkins Place & German Street.
BALTIMORE, MD.
FARMS, & CO.
Browne, Jacob & Co.,
—dealers in—
REAL ESTATE
ACCOMAC C. H., VA.
Fruit and trucking lands, im-
proved and unimproved, eligibly
located on the line of the N. Y., P. &
N. R., NOW for sale cheap.
Also, sea-side farms with oysters,
fish and wild fowl privileges unsur-
passed on easy terms.
And town lots for business men
at the new stations on the railroad
constantly on hand at reasonable
rates. Send for circular.

Announcement.
IMPORTANT TO FARMERS, HOUSE-
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That the undersigned have con-
stantly on hand at lowest prices
Coal, Shingles, Well Tubing, Fencing
Pales, Lime, Bricks, Hair,
Cement, Doors, Sash, &c.
Cecil County Hay, Peruvian Guano,
Pocomoke Phosphate, Kainit
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—And a select stock of—
General Merchandise,
bought for cash and sold at small-
est possible profit.
HOPKINS & BROS.,
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LIVERY STABLES,
A. J. Taylor, Prop'r,
BLOXOM STATION,
—Accomac county, Va.—
Horses for hire by day or week.
Passengers conveyed to and from
Peninsula with comfort and dis-
patch and at moderate prices.

WE ARE HERE AGAIN

With a brand new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, ready and
anxious to serve you. We will endeavor to give you the worth
of your money every time, and think we can show you a larger
assortment of goods than can be found elsewhere in the county
of Accomac. We still make specialties of the following lines of
goods, and you will always find us to the front in them, both in
assortments and prices:

*Dress Goods and Trimmings, Ready-Made Clothing,
Hand and Machine-Made Shoes, Ladies' and Childrens'
Cloaks, Jackets and Wraps, Carpets, Oil Cloth, Rugs and
Matting, China, Crockery and Glassware, Underwear both for
ladies and gentlemen, Hats, Umbrellas, Gum Goods, &c.*

It is useless for us to expatiate on these goods, the immensity
of our stock, &c., therefore we simply say we have a full, bang
up stock all the way through, and we most cordially invite an
inspection, we will do our best to please both in goods and prices.

SLOCUMB & AMES,
LARGE DOUBLE STORE ROOMS — ONANCOCK, VA.
N. B.—If you cannot come, write to us for samples, we can ship you goods
anywhere by mail or express, and will guarantee satisfaction. S. & A.

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Successor of BROUGHTON SON & MILES,
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such as Corn, Hay, Oats, Ground Corn and Oats, Bran,
Wheat Screenings.
Agent for Lucas' Paints.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
We want to reduce our stock of Spring
and Summer Goods, we shall do it by
cutting prices we want you to know.
This Bazar Sale Begins From This Date.
This is no idle talk, we mean business. For Spot Cash or Produce
delivered we Guarantee Prices the Lowest.
As much as you have heard of us, if you will come to see us, you will
say the half has never been told. Our line of
SHOES and HOSIERY
—is full and complete.
We lead in low prices—never follow.
—Highest Prices Paid for Produce.

Henry E. Byrd & Son,
TEMPERANCEVILLE, VA.
FURNITURE.
—TO CASH BUYERS I OFFER—
BARGAINS IN FURNITURE,
MEDIUM AND HIGH GRADE.
—Save Money by Buying of me.—
Goods packed free of charge. Give me a call, it will pay you big money.
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223 N. HOWARD ST., (near Clay St.) BALTIMORE, MD.
J. C. P. Kellam. J. J. D. Taylor
KELLAM & TAYLOR.
—Dealers in—
Lime, Shingles,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Paints, Oils, Glass,
—AND—
Building Material
AT CITY PRICES.
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Estimates furnished on application.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE
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supply to select from in every
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S. Ulman & Bro.,
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Bottlers of the celebrated
LOUIS BERGDOLL LAGER BEER.
Under Opera House Main St.,
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Write for prices.
JOHN T. SCOTT,
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**BOOT and SHOE
MAKER.**
Stylish and fine work for gen-
tleman a specialty.

SAMSON'S LOST STRENGTH.

HIS MISFORTUNE DUE TO A BAD
WOMAN'S WILES.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Various
Ways God Men Are Sometimes Shorn
of Their Strength—Full Text of His Dis-
course Sept. 29.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 29.—After ex-
pounding the appropriate passages of
Scripture in the Brooklyn Tabernacle
this morning, the Rev. T. De Witt
Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn:

So let our lips and lives express
The holy angel we profess;
To be our life the culture of divine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was:
"The Shorn Locks of Samson."
He took for his text Judges xvi. 5:
"Entice him, and see wherein his
great strength lieth, and by what
means we may prevail against him;
that we may bind him to afflict him;
and we will give thee every one of us
eleven hundred pieces of silver." The
sermon was as follows:

One thousand pounds, or about five
thousand dollars of our money, were
offered for the shorn locks of Samson.
It would take a skillful photographer
to picture Samson as he really was.
The most facile words are not supple
enough to describe him. He was a
giant and a child; the conqueror and
the defeated; able to snuff a lion's jaw,
and yet captured by the sigh of a
maiden. He was a man of war, and
a man of peace; a man of iron, and
a man of gold; a man of the sublime
and the ridiculous; sharp enough
to make a good riddle, and yet weak
enough to be caught in the most
superficial stratagem; honest
enough to settle his debt, and yet out-
rageously robbing somebody else to
get the material to pay it; a miracle
and a sorrow; a crowning glory, and
a burning shame. Then he stands,
looming up above other men, a moun-
tain of flesh; his arms bunched with
muscle that can lift the gate of a city;
taking an attitude defiant of armed
men and wild beasts. His hair had
never been cut, and it rolled down
seven green plaits over his shoulders,
adding to his fierceness and terror.
The Philistines want to conquer him,
and therefore they must find out
where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the val-
ley of Sorek by the name of Delilah.
They appoint her the agent in the
case. "The Philistines are secreted
in the same building, and then
Delilah goes to work and coaxes
Samson to tell what is the secret of
his strength. "Well," he says, "if
you should take seven green withes,
such as they fasten wild beasts with,
and put them around my neck, I should
be perfectly powerless." So she binds
him with the seven green withes.
Then she claps her hands, and says,
"They come—the Philistines!" and he
walks out as though there were no
impediment. She coaxes him again,
and says, "Now tell me the secret of
this great strength," and he replies,
"If you should take some ropes that
have never been used, and tie me with
them, I should be just like other men."
She ties him with the ropes, claps
her hands, and shouts, "They come—
the Philistines!" He walks out as
easy as he did before—not a single
obstruction. She coaxes him again,
and he says, "Now, if you should
take these seven long plaits of hair,
and by this house loom weave them
into a web, I could not get away."
So the house loom is rolled up,
and the shuttle flies backward and
forward, and the long plaits of hair
are woven into a web. Then she
claps her hands, and says, "They
come! the Philistines!"

He walks out as easily as he did be-
fore, dragging a part of the loom with
him. But after awhile she persuades
him to tell the truth. He says: "If
you should take a razor, and shave
all of this long hair, I should be pow-
erless, and in the hands of my ene-
mies." Samson sleeps, and that she
may weave him up during the pro-
cess of sleeping, help is called in. You
know that the barbers of the east have
such a skillful way of manipulating
the head, that in a very day they will
pull a man wide awake, and asleep.
I hear the blades of the shears grind-
ing against each other, and I see the
long locks falling off. The shears, or
razor, accomplishes what green withes
and new ropes and house loom could
not do. Suddenly she claps her hands
and says: "The Philistines are upon
him!" He rises up, and he is weak
and powerless, and he is in the hands
of his enemies! "I hear the groan of the giant as they
take his eyes out, and then I see him
staggering on in his blindness, feeling
his way as he goes on toward God's
circle of light." One cheerful word
in the evening tide as you come in has
silenced the clamor of unpaid notes
and the disappointment of poor invest-
ments. Your table may be quite fra-
gantly spread, but it seems more beau-
tiful to you than many tables that
smoke with venison and bluish with
beefsteak. But you are not at the
table beside you at the table, lights
up the evening stand, and sings in the
nursery. You have seen an aged couple
who for scores of years have helped
each other on in life's pilgrimage go-
ing down the steep of years. Long
association has made them comrades
in trouble and in joy. One day they
bent over the same cradle, they wept
at the same grave. In the evening
they sit quietly thinking of the past,
mother knitting at the table, father in
his arm chair at the fire.

Not so then a grandchild comes
and the look at him with affection
and love, and the old man's heart
is melted, and he weeps with his
grandchild. The life currents
beat feebly in their pulses, and the
Master will call. A few short days
may separate them, and then they
will be reunited, they will join each
other on the other side the flood.
Side by side let Jacob and Rachel be
buried. Let one will overarch their
graves. Let their tombstones stand
alike marked with the same Scripture.
Children and grandchildren will come
in the spring time to bring flowers.
The patriarchs of the town will come
and drop a tear over departed worth.
Side by side at the marriage altar.
Side by side in the long journey. Side
by side in their graves. After life's
fugitive they slept well.

SOME HISTORIC CASES.
But there are, as my subject sug-
gests, domestic scenes not so tranquil.
What a case to Job and Potiphar
were their companions, to Ahab was
Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to
John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to
Samson was Delilah. While the most
excellent and triumphant exhibitions

of character we find among the wo-
men of history, and the world thrills
with the names of Marie Antoinette
and Josephine, and Joan of Arc, and
Maria Theresa and hundreds of others,
who have ruled in the brightest homes
and sung the sweetest cantos, and en-
chanted the nations with their art
and swayed the mightiest of seigniors,
on the other hand the name of Mary
the First of England, Margaret of
France, Julia of Rome and Elizabeth
Petrovna of Russia have scorched the
eye of history with their abominable
actions, and their names, like banished
spirits, have gone shrieking and curs-
ing through the world. In female
biography we find the two extremes
of excellence and crime. Woman
stands nearest the gate of heaven or
nearest the door of hell. When
adorned by grace she reaches a point
of Christian elevation which man
cannot attain, and then the blasted
crime she sinks deeper than man can
plunge. Yet I am glad that the in-
stances in which woman makes utter
shipwreck of character are compara-
tively rare.

But, says some cynical spirit,
do you do so with those words in
Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Be-
hold, this have I found, saith the
preacher, counting one by one, I find
out the account, which yet my soul
seeketh, but I find not: one man
among a thousand have I found; but
a woman among those have I not
found." My answer is that Solomon
had believed himself with common
decency and kept out of infamous
circles he would not have had so much
difficulty in finding integrity of
character among women and never would
have uttered such a tirade. Ever since
my childhood I have heard speakers
animating Disraeli and the English
philosopher who lived in a tub, for going
through the streets of Athens in broad
daylight with a lantern, and when
asked what he did that for, said: "I
am looking for an honest man." Now
I warrant that that philosopher who
had such hard work to find an honest
man, would not have been so ready to
stole both the lantern and the tub.
So, when I hear a man expatiating on
the weakness of women, I immedi-
ately suspect him and say there is an-
other Solomon with Solomon's wisdom
left out. Still, I would not have the
illustrations I have given of transcen-
ding excellence in female character
lead you to suppose that there are no
perils in woman's pathway. God's
grace alone can make an Isabella
Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a
Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena.
Temptations lurk about the brightest
domestic circle. It was no unmeaning
thing when God set up and under the
splendors of his word the character of
infamous Delilah.

HOW THEY LOSE THEIR STRENGTH.
Again, this strange story of the text
leads me to consider some of the ways
in which strong men get their locks
shorn. God, for some reason best
known to himself, made the strength
of Samson to depend on the length of
his hair; when the shears clipped it
his strength was gone. The strength
of man is variously distributed. Some-
times it lies in physical development,
sometimes in intellectual attainment,
sometimes in heart force, sometimes
in social position, sometimes in finan-
cial accumulation; and there is always
a sharp shears ready to destroy it.
Every day there are Samsons ungan-
guished. I saw a young man start in life
under the most cheering advantages.
His acute mind was at home in all
scientific dominions. He reached not
only all rugged attainments, but by
delicate appreciation he could catch
the tinge of the cloud and the sparkle
of the wave and the diapason of the
thunder. He walked forth in life
head and shoulders above others in
mental stature. He could wrestle
with giants in opposing systems of
philosophy and carry off the crowns
of opposing schools and smite the ene-
mies of truth hip and thigh with great
slaughter. But he began to tamper
with brilliant free thinking. Modern
theories of the soul threw over him
their bandisments. Skepticism was
the Delilah that came and took his
strength off. He was a giant of
darkness and despair were upon him.
He died in a very prison of unbelief,
his eyes out.

Far back in the country districts—
just where I purposely omit to say—
there is a man whose fame will
last as long as American institutions.
His name was the terror of all enemies
of free government. He stood, the
admirer of millions; the nation un-
der his presence and when he
spoke senators sat breathless under
the spell. The plotters against good
government attempted to haul him
down, and he would have his locks in a
web, yet he walked forth from the en-
thrallment, not knowing he had burst
a bond. But from the wine cup there
arose a destroying spirit that came
forth to capture his soul. He drank
until his eyes grew dim and his knees
trembled together and his strength
faded. Exhausted with lifelong dis-
sipations, he went home to die. Min-
isters pronounced eloquent eulogiums,
and poets sang, and painters etched,
and sculptors chiseled the majestic
form into marble, and the world wept,
but everywhere it was known that
it was strong drink that came like the
infamous Delilah and his locks were
shorn.

From the Island of Corsica there
started forth a nature charged with
unparalleled energies to make thrones
tremble and convulse the earth.
Piedmont, Naples, Bararia, Germany,
Italy, Austria and England rose up to
conquer the rising man. At the germ
of his bayonets Bastilles burst open.
The earth groaned with the agonies of
Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa and Eylau.
Five million men slain in his wars.
Crowns were showered at his feet, and
kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to
celebrate his name. But Europe was
lulled up at the conflagration of con-
suming cities. He could almost have
made a causeway of human bones be-
tween Lisbon and Moscow. No power
short of omnipotent God could arrest
him. But out of the ocean of human
blood there arose a spirit, and a man
conqueror found more than a match.
The very ambition that had rocked the
world was now to be his destroyer.
It grasped for too much and in its effort
lost all. He reached up after the sep-
tor of universal dominion, but slipped
and fell back into desolation and ban-
ishment. The American ship, dam-
aged of the storm, today puts up in St.
Helen and the crew go up to see the
spot where the French exile expired in
loneliness and disgrace, the mightiest
of all Samsons shorn of his locks by
ambition, that most mercurial of
Delilahs.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil
associations, sudden success, spend-
ing, debts, miserly proclivities and
other things are the names of some of
the shears with which men are every
day made powerless. They have
striven with the earth with the carcasses
of giants and filled the great prison house
with destroyed Samsons, who sit
grinding the mills of despair, their
locks shorn and their eyes out. If pa-
rents only knew to what temptations
their children were subjected they
would be more earnest in their prayers
and more careful about their example.
No young man escapes having the
pathway of sin pictured in bright col-
ors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it
was the city of Philadelphia—I was a
mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I
remember in the eventide a corrupt
man paid the reeler prison house.
He saw I was green. He wanted to
show me the sights of the town. He
painted the path of sin until it looked
like emerald; but I was afraid of him.
I shivered back from the basilisk. I
made up my mind he was a basilisk.
I ran across the willow-bordered street
round in front of me and with a con-
trived and diabolical effort attempt-
ed to destroy my soul; but there were
good angels in the air that night. It
was no good resolution on my part,
but it was the all encompassing grace
of a good God that delivered me. Be-
ware, beware! O young man!

There is a way that seemeth right
unto a man, and he therefore
death. If all the victims of an im-
pure life in all lands and ages could
be gathered together, they would make a
lost faster than that which Xerxes
led across the Hellespont, that Cleo-
pater led across India, than William
the Conqueror led across England,
than Bou-Bekr led across Syria; and
if they could be stretched out in
single file across this continent, I
think the vanguard of the host would
stand on the beach of the Pacific while
yet the rear guard stood on the beach
of the Atlantic.

A WORD TO THE WISE.
I say this not because I expect to re-
claim any one that has gone astray in
this fearful path, but because I want
to utter a warning for those who still
maintain their integrity. The cases
of reclamation of those who have
given themselves fully up to an
impure life are few, probably
you do not know one of them.
I have seen a good many start
out on that road. How many have
I seen come back? Not one that
I now think of. It seems as if the
spell of death is on them and no hu-
man voice or the voice of God can
break the spell. Their feet are hop-
ped, their wrists are handcuffed. They
have around them a girdle of reptiles
bunched at the waist, fastening them
to an iron doom: every time they
breathe the forked tongues strike them
and they strain to break away until
the tendons snap and the blood ex-
trudes, and amidst their contortions
they cry out: "Take me back to my
father's house. Where is mother?
Take me home! Take me home!"

I do stand before a man today the
locks of whose strength are being toyed
with, let me tell you to escape let
the shears of destruction take your
morals and your spiritual integrity. Do
you not see your sandals beginning to
curl on that red hot path? This day
in the name of Almighty God I tear
off the beautiful veil and the em-
broided mantle of this old hag of
iniquity, and I show you the ulcers
and the bloody interior and the cancered
up and putrefying joints and the
necrotic limbs and the writhing
putrefaction, and I cry out, Oh, hor-
ror of horrors! In the stillness of this
Sabbath hour I lift a warning. Re-
member it is much easier to form bad
habits than to get clear of them; in
one minute of time you may get into
a sin from which all eternity cannot
get you out.

Oh, that the voice of God's truth
might drown the voice of Delilah.
Come into the ways of pleasantness
and the paths of peace, and by the
grace of a pardoning God start for
thrones of honor and dominion upon
which you may reign, rather than
travel the road to a dingy where the
destroyed grind in the mills of de-
spair, their locks shorn and their eyes
out.

Translating as He Spoke.
The variations of language in dif-
ferent parts of the same country are
often so extreme that residents in one
region can hardly understand those of
a different region. A certain calico
manufacturer in the north of England
employed a set of workmen whose
pronunciation was quite unintelligible
to him.

One day a southern visitor, wishing
to note the variations of popular lan-
guage, said to him: "I hear that you
are obliged to speak in two different
tongues, one to your friends, and
another to your workmen. Is that
true?"

"It is perfectly true, as I will show
you. Hear me address one of the
men. Fetch Mr. Dean."
The operative started, and uttered
nothing beyond a peculiar guttural
sound.

"The employer then glanced mean-
ingly at his friend, to prepare him
for a surprise, and said, abruptly,
"Fetch Mr. Dean, I say!" Still the
same stolid expression of countenance
continued.

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"Fetch Mr. Dean, I say!" Still the
same stolid expression of countenance
continued.

of character we find among the wo-
men of history, and the world thrills
with the names of Marie Antoinette
and Josephine, and Joan of Arc, and
Maria Theresa and hundreds of others,
who have ruled in the brightest homes
and sung the sweetest cantos, and en-
chanted the nations with their art
and swayed the mightiest of seigniors,
on the other hand the name of Mary
the First of England, Margaret of
France, Julia of Rome and Elizabeth
Petrovna of Russia have scorched the
eye of history with their abominable
actions, and their names, like banished
spirits, have gone shrieking and curs-
ing through the world. In female
biography we find the two extremes
of excellence and crime. Woman
stands nearest the gate of heaven or
nearest the door of hell. When
adorned by grace she reaches a point
of Christian elevation which man
cannot attain, and then the blasted
crime she sinks deeper than man can
plunge. Yet I am glad that the in-
stances in which woman makes utter
shipwreck of character are compara-
tively rare.

But, says some cynical spirit,
do you do so with those words in
Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Be-
hold, this have I found, saith the
preacher, counting one by one, I find
out the account, which yet my soul
seeketh, but I find not: one man
among a thousand have I found; but
a woman among those have I not
found." My answer is that Solomon
had believed himself with common
decency and kept out of infamous
circles he would not have had so much
difficulty in finding integrity of
character among women and never would
have uttered such a tirade. Ever since
my childhood I have heard speakers
animating Disraeli and the English
philosopher who lived in a tub, for going
through the streets of Athens in broad
daylight with a lantern, and when
asked what he did that for, said: "I
am looking for an honest man." Now
I warrant that that philosopher who
had such hard work to find an honest
man, would not have been so ready to
stole both the lantern and the tub.
So, when I hear a man expatiating on
the weakness of women, I immedi-
ately suspect him and say there is an-
other Solomon with Solomon's wisdom
left out. Still, I would not have the
illustrations I have given of transcen-
ding excellence in female character
lead you to suppose that there are no
perils in woman's pathway. God's
grace alone can make an Isabella
Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a
Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena.
Temptations lurk about the brightest
domestic circle. It was no unmeaning
thing when God set up and under the
splendors of his word the character of
infamous Delilah.

HOW THEY LOSE THEIR STRENGTH.
Again, this strange story of the text
leads me to consider some of the ways
in which strong men get their locks
shorn. God, for some reason best
known to himself, made the strength
of Samson to depend on the length of
his hair; when the shears clipped it
his strength was gone. The strength
of man is variously distributed. Some-
times it lies in physical development,
sometimes in intellectual attainment,
sometimes in heart force, sometimes
in social position, sometimes in finan-
cial accumulation; and there is always
a sharp shears ready to destroy it.
Every day there are Samsons ungan-
guished. I saw a young man start in life